And that no lawfull meanes can carrie mee
Out of his enuies reach, I do oppoſe
My patience to his furie, and am arm'd
To ſuffer with a quietneſſe of ſpirit,
The verie tiranny and rage of his.

Duke. Go one and call the Iew into the Court.

Sal. He is ready at the doore, he comes my Lord.

Enter Shylocke.

Du. Make roome, and let him ſtand before our face.
Shylocke the world thinkes, and I thinke ſo to,
That thou but leadeſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt houre of act, and then tis thought
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercie and remorſe more ſtrange,
Then is thy ſtrange apparant cruelty :
And where thou now exacts the penalty,
(VVhich is a pound of this poore Merchants fleſh)
Thou wilt not onely looſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with humane gentleneſſe and loue,
Forgiue a moity of the principall ;
Glancing an eie of pittie on his loſſes,
That haue of late ſo hudled on his backe,
Enow to preſſe a royall Merchant downe,
And plucke commiſſeration of his ſtate
From braſſie boſomes, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborne Turkes, and Tartars neuer train'd
To offices of tender curteſie ;
VVe all expect a gentle anſwer Iew.

Iew. I haue poſſeſt your Grace of what I purpoſe,
And by our holy Sabbath haue I ſworne
To haue the due and forfet of my bond.
If you deny it, let the danger light
Vpon your Charter, and your Citties freedome.
You'l aske me why I rather chooſe to haue
A weight of carrion fleſh, then to receiue

Three thouſand Ducats ? I
But ſay it is my humor, is it
What if my houſe be troub
And I be pleas'd to giue te
To haue it baind ? what, ar
Some men there are loue n
Some that are mad if they
And others when the Bagp
Cannot containe their vrin
Maſters of paſſion ſwayes i
Of what it likes or loathes
As there is no firme reaſon
Why he cannot abide a ga
Why he a harmleſſe neceſſ
Why he a woollen Bagpip
Muſt yeeld to ſuch ineuita
As to offend, himſelfe bei
So can I giue no reaſon, no
More then a lodged hate, a
I beare *Anthonio*, that I fol
A loſing ſute againſt him ;

Baſſ. This is no anſwer,
To excuſe the currant of t

Shy. I am not bound to p

Baſſ. Do all men kill the

Shy. Hates any man the

Baſſ. Euery offence is no

Shy. What wouldſt thou

Ant. I pray you thinke
You may as well go ſtand
And bid the maine flood b
You may as well vſe queſt
Why he hath made the Ew
You may as well forbid th
To wag their high tops, an
When they are fretten wi

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDIN